

BRITAIN'S JUBILEE.

A Congratulatory Poem on the Descent of
His Highness the Prince of *Orange* into *England*;
and Their Highnesses Accession to the Crown;
and Solemn Coronation *April 11. 1689.*

(1)

AM I *awake*, or in a *dream*?
Are all *Ideas* real as they seem?
If so, from whence the *change*? what mighty *voice*
Could still the dreadful *Hurricans* loud noise,
And calm the raging Billows of the Sea?
Who could he be,
Who with a *look*, who with a *frown* could tame
Th'unruly Main,
And with a *smile* bring back our Peace again,
Making our shipwrackt State redound unto our gain?

(2)

T'was but th'other day that all our *Hopes* were fled,
By unruly *Fear* misled.
Grief drew his aged Furrows on our Brow,
And Joy almost we bid adieu:
When lo a Divine *Whisper* comfort spoke,
And bid us look above, the day was broke.
Scarce did we hear it, when the illustrious *Rays*
Of a bright Rising *Sun*
Upon our long benighted *Horizon*,
Broke open all our Eyes with great amaze.
But still so dull and feeble is our sight,
Used so long to the dark shades of Night,
That we're not able to behold this bright
And glorious Light.

(3)

But now the *Sun* is up, the *Clouds* are gone;
The frightful *Meteors* fled, which lately shone;
The chearful Birds do chant upon the wing,
And morning Larks salute the welcom Spring.
Ev'n *Kites* and *Crows* do smile to see
Th'weather fair to be.

A

Alu

All but the dismal *Owls*, do sing and play,
And welcom is the Spring and Day.

(4)

Shall every one his Joys then rehearse
In Prose or Verse?

Shall ev'ry Poetaster try

To write, and shall not I?

Shall the *Pindarique* *Swan* be only found
To give no grateful sound?

Shall not our *Heroe* be by her renown'd?

No, no, *Great Prince*, if none be found but I, to claim

Th' honour of that Name,

Your deeds shall ever live i'n book of fairest Fame,

And though, 'tis like, I seem obscure and low,

Yet know,

'Tis not th' deepest flood that with most noise doth flow.

Howe'er, th' *Ocean* never doth upbraid

Th' smallest Tribute that by Brooks is paid.

What then, although obscure I be?

Such different Notes, it is, makes all our harmony.

(5)

Long had our *Ile* put on

The mourning Veil of Grief;

And hopelefs of Relief,

Forgot almost her Name of *Albion*,

Black mid-night deeds each place did fill,

And mischief did distil.

Down from the *Throne* on all that fate below,

And Justice and Religion both did overthrow.

Th' *Atheist*, *Debauchee*, and *Sycophant*,

Then to themselves did all their wishes grant;

Whilst sober virtuous Souls did groan

Under most sad oppression.

Whilst few so much as did their case bemoan.

Th' *Orphans* case, the *Widows* cries and tears

Did pierce our hearts, our eyes and ears,

Each Object helping no augment our fears.

(6)

The varnished pretence of *Liberty*,

Though specious to the vulgar Eye,

Prov'd but a veil transparent, and too thin

To hide the movement and the spring

We

We see the *wheels* and all their *motions* within.
We see the *hook* through all the garnisht *bair*;
But here did seem to lye our fate;
We knew not how to shun what did for us await.
For lo, t' compleat our Misery,
And give the fatal blow to Law and Liberty,
Religion and Property;
A lusty Babe doth suddenly creep out;
But whatsoever way he's Born,
Though equally our Grief and Scorn,
He is a Noble Prince of *Wales* no doubt.
Thus *Popery*, being on the *Throne*, it's will the *Law*,
All *thinking* Men the Consequences saw.

(7)

The generous *Dutch* did soon perceive our case,
And did the Motion of the *Prince* embrace,
With greatest Charge and greatest Care,
Their *Land* and *Naval* Force they do prepare,
And nothing needful spare.
Unto Religions success they postpone
That of their own,
Resolved either all to lose, or that to carry on.

(8)

Thus aided, does our Noble *Prince* Embark,
With all his gen'rous Train,
But hark!
The swelling and unstable *Mann*,
Proud of th' Glorious Load
Which on its rough-hew'd Surface road,
Engag'd them in a Fight with Wind and Wave before,
And drove them back again unto the *Belgick* Shore.

(9)

This might have damp't, ev'n gallant Souls, to be
By Providence thus crost,
As a *Presage* of their being lost;
But our brave *thinking* Hero further in it see.
He in it see and understood
As a blest *Omen* for his good,
That this would but increase th' haughty Pride
Of the opposing Side,
As a sure *Prelude* of their fall;
He in it see the Divine *Jonathan's* Call.

Th' Enemies Pride, *Come o're to us*, did say;
He see it was *God's Call*, and did obey

(10)

His *floating Castle* he again does enter;
And who would fear with him to venture
In whom th' *Protestants* Hopes and Prayers all do cen er?
Now, now, at length, the *Sign* is given
Of Victory from Heaven.

The Wind stands *East*, and whistling fills the Sail,
The *Fishes* play, and *Waves* do smile to see them sail.
In State they through the *Channel* thus do ride,
Gladding th' *one*, frightening th' *other side*;
Till in glad *Tor-bay's* bosom they do rest,
Causing a day-spring in the long benighted *West*.
And when the *Sun* doth in the *West* arise,
No wonder, if we're seized with surprize.

(11)

Now *Exeter* doth joyful ope her Gates;
Each other *City* the same fate awaits.
All strive to harbour him, who's *labouring* Breast
Extensive is for all our hopes to rest.
Hell only and its *Darkness* strive t' oppose
Th' Light which now arose.

Sarum's wide Plain is chosen for the Fight,
Where all prepare for to behold the sight.
But when th' Heav'ns for one Side give assent,
Who needs to fear th' event?

(12)

Come on, *Brave Prince*, dispel the cloudy Night,
By the approach of Day, and Light
Thy Sun-like vertue doth diffuse each where,
And each Heart is its *medium* free as Air
Thou need not fear that *State* can thee oppose,
For whose help thou so seasonably rose.
Thou need not fear that *Church* a *Church* can be,
Who shall oppose their God and thee.
Thou need not fear that *Souldiers* can pretend
To bear that name, and not become thy friend.
When hearts fly open, all things else do yield,
Th' *inclosures* all are broak, and do become one *field*,
What need we tell, who then unto the came?
Since ev'n all *absent* did the same.

Now

(13)

Now into *London* thou direct'st thy Face
That else unhappy place.

London of blood the destin'd Stage;

London of *Rogues* become th' Cage;

London full of *Villains*, *Tories*,

London fill'd with *Lies* and *Stories*.

But lo, to it as thou approaches nigh,

Hurries cease and *Rogues* do flie;

Villains hence do run their race;

Truth succeeds in *Errors* place;

Griefs and *Fears* do fly away;

And *Jays* and *Comforts* in their room do stay.

(14)

The *Nobles* now consult, and meet,

How best they may our happiness compleat.

But whar, alale! is left for them to do;

Except more fully us to shew,

What God already does declare;

That the Fair Vertuous Pair

Are *Britain's* true undoubted heir?

Old *Saul* already forfeited his place;

But, blest be God; we need not seek

A *David* from amongst the Sheep,

We have one still left of the Royal Race,

(15)

We have a *David*, whom loud *Fame* does Crown

With highest Titles of Renown.

In whom all *Graces* center, and do meet,

And all the *Virtues* make compleat.

Who *Virtues* race hath equally begun

With that of days and years to run.

We have a comely *Michal* sweet and fair,

In *Beauty* chief, in *Virtue* rare,

Adorned with each lovely *Grace*.

And all as charming as her Face.

Who though she might a snare by *Saul* be given,

Yet is to *David* and to us a sacred gift from Heaven.

(16)

Lo now the long'd for day is come,

The fame whereof is loudly rung;

Lo, lo, the *Musick* sweet almost my *Muse* strikes dumb.

See,

See, the Nobles passing by,
See, the glorious Company,
See, what Crowns are looking on,
See, what State attends th' throne,
But what of all this glorious show
Is th' center of each eye,
As of all hearts it was long, long ago,
See 'tis th' glorious Fair draws nigh!

(17)

But why do we thus look and gaze,
On Shadowy grandeur far below your praise?
Could we but the Scales dispel,
From the Eye and from the Ear,
The Scales which hinder Spirits to be visible,
Another sight would soon appear,
Lo, lo, how the Angels come,
Bright and flaming as the Sun.
Lo, their Trains I do espy
Hov'ring through th' smiling Sky.
Their length from heav'n to earth doth reach,
And yet an Army each.
Robes of purest light they wear;
A Starry Crown their hands do bear.
A Scepter, not of Gold, but Golden righteousness,
Made to grow and to increafe.
Instead of Oyl, they heavenly Nectar shed
Upon your Sacred Head.
Lo how gently down it flows,
Smelling sweeter than the Rose;
Lo, it trickling doth distill,
And ev'ry Soul with fragrant Odour fill.

(18)

Arise, young Hero, from thy Throne,
Thy Robes lay by, thy Sword gird on,
Wars Rumors call thee to be gone.
But fearless go, for Angels guard thy way,
And ev'ry Saint does for thy Success pray.
The Footstep of thy great Ancestors Trace
In their Illustrious Race.
Illustrious all; but far too short they be
Compar'd, Great Prince, with thee.

For

For all the Virtues, wherein each excel,
In thee alone concenter, and united dwell.

Thy Ancient Scotland doth prepare,
With greatest love and greatest care,
To fix thy Scepter there.

Religions interest and that of Thine,
Which are indeed the same,
Do equally there now begin to shine.

And who can else that Country claim,
'Tis thou, that from oppressions rage,
Whereof it was of late the dismal stage,
Hast rescu'd all its *Laws, Religion, Liberty*,
Which shackl'd were before, and ready to expire and die.

(20)

Poor mad-brain'd Ireland dreams it can withstand,
Alone, that conqu'ring hand;

Which every where victorious doth prove
By force, if not before by love.

Arise, Great Prince, here is a second step
Another victory to get;

A victory not of Hearts, but cruel Foes,
Who God and thee do equally oppose.

That cursed Canaanitish Crew,
Let's seriously but view.

And sure we must confess,
A fatal instinct doth their mind possess,

God doth them for the slaughter-house prepare,
That Israel may inhabit there.

Long have they Pricks and Thorns to us been,
As at all times we've seen.

Wherefore let not a cruel mercy spare
One Agag there,

Which after may draw curses on us from our Heir.
But if a Gibeonite we save,

Forever let him be the Church and Country's Slave.

(21)

This is not all, a higher step remains,
Which fully will reward the pains.

France calls thee ore, Great Prince, and groans to see
It self a Slave, and us a Liberty.

That

That *Foe to God and Man*, doth by his actions call
Aloud for vengeance for his fall.

His *cup* grows full, and the *Almighty God*
Doth seem to call thee forth to burn th' rod.
Thy old Possession, *Orange*, basely snatcht away :

This seems to say ;

Thy new acquired *Title* points thee out the way,
And all th' *Oppress* and *Martyrs* for it pray ;

Turn thy just *Claim* into *Possession*,
Justice, as well as *Mercy*, bids thee take thy own.

(22)

Go on, Brave *Prince*, thy after days are all serene,
And *Summer* will succeed a *Winters Scene*.

To tott'ring *Rome* thy arms extend,
And bring that *Sodom* to an end.

Its end draws on apace, and we await,

To see its long expected *Fate*.

Already sure its ruine were begun,
If *Protestants* should once as one become.

And ne're more hopeful this did seem to be,

Since now we're all as one in thee.

We'll march with thee, where e're thou shalt command;

To any place, to any Land,

From utmost *India*, to th' *American Sand*.

Let thy just Arms ever but pursue

The *Babylonish Crew*,

And sure God then will fight for you.

With cursed *Am'lek* wage perpetual War,

Until at length thou prove the *Morning Star*;

To usher in the glorious promis'd *Reign*

Of *Christ*, till he do come again.

Then shall thy *Name* endure, and ever fragrant be,

Till *Time* yields up *That Trust* to blest *Eternity*.

FIN IS.

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